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TIME TABLE
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GOING WEST	
Accommodation, 109	8 44 a.m.
Accommodation, 111	2 45 a.m.
Chicago Express, 1	9 17 p.m.
GOING EAST	
New York Express, 6	11 01 a.m.
Accommodation, 110	12 03 p.m.
New York Express, 2	3 00 p.m.
Accommodation, 112	5 18 p.m.

G. VAN, Agent, Watford

Martin Rucker, discovered a honey mine on his Tilbury East farm home the other day. Noticing bees flying around a corner of the house on warm days, he started to investigate, and found between the ceiling of the first floor and the flooring of the second story of the house a bees' nest that contained 1,000 pounds of honey.
As a vermicide there is no preparation that equals Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. It has saved the lives of countless children.

John Jones' Find

It Was a Vacant House That Paid a Good Rental

By NATHAN B. TOWNSEND

Johnny Jones, a Maine farmer boy, went to the city to make a fortune, but, getting stranded, started to walk home, a hundred miles, usually sleeping out of doors.
One afternoon while wending his way eastward along the coast he came to a handsome country residence standing alone. Looking about him, he could not see another house, though the coast was open in either direction for several miles. But Johnny doubted if he could get any comfort in the place, for he could see no evidence of its being occupied. The shutters were closed, not one being left open. Then, too, there was an old look about the house. The shingles on the roof were black and crumpled, the woodwork in places was rotten, and the brick of which the house was mainly built was solid.
"If I could get inside," said John to himself, "I could at least keep warm, and the night promises to be cold."
He had on only the thinnest clothing and shivered as a chill November wind struck him. Climbing the fence—the gate was fastened with a rusty chain and padlock—he went up on to the porch and began to look about him for a means of entrance. He was not long in finding a shutter with a loose fastening and a pane of broken glass behind it. Putting his hand inside, he unlocked the sash and raised it.
To his surprise, the room into which he looked was furnished. True, there was a moldy look about the furniture, but it was of a fine quality, though old fashioned. John climbed over the window sill and inspected the furnishings at closer range. He was in the drawing room among damask covered chairs and sofas and velvet curtains to the windows. A piano stood at one end, and John struck the keys. He was startled at the breaking of the stillness. It seemed to him that the shades of those who had once inhabited this house, who had years ago locked and left it, had cried out at his intrusion.
John felt to wondering why so much valuable property was left to rot. Though young, he considered the financial feature connected with it. Had the property been sold years before it would have brought what to him would have been a fortune. There must be some reason why it had been suffered to sink to ruin.
John hesitated about spending the night in so greivous a place, and had it not been for the cold without he would have preferred to sleep under the stars. As it was, he looked about for a bed and to his surprise he found a bed on one of the couches upstairs. But it seemed to him that he was lying among worms. He took hold of a coverlet to draw it over him, and it parted through decay. This was too much for him; he arose and felt his way down stairs and, finding a lounge covered with leather, though it was stiff through age, stretched himself on it and fell asleep.
He was awakened during the night by voices. For a few moments he could not recall where he was. Then he listened for the direction of the sound and concluded that it came from under him. Presently a light flashed through a crack in the floor. Sliding off the lounge, he crawled to the crack and put his ear to it.
"We've got to run in some o' these goods," said one in a man's voice.
"This cellar is full."
"Why not store the next lot above?"
"What rot! Don't you know we've taken every pains to keep any one from looking in here? Put goods on the floor above, and some boy or some tramp will look in, see them and report the fact."
"It's a wonder no one has got on to us as it is," remarked a third man.
"They're gone around this depot often. Fact is, it's well known that Crawford owns it, and Crawford is above suspicion."
"We pay him enough rent for it."
"Rent be hanged! He's one of us."
"He tells me this place can't remain much longer as it is. A number of real estate men have been to him to buy it. They want to fix it up and make it pay."

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

are made according to a formula in use nearly a century ago among the Indians, and learned from them by Dr. Morse. Though repeated attempts have been made, by physicians and chemists, it has been found impossible to improve the formula or the pills. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are a household remedy throughout the world for Constipation and all Kidney and Liver troubles. They act promptly and effectively, and

Cleanse the System

pay."
"Crawford is making it pay well enough."
This was the last heard of a dialogue between different men, none of whom John could see. He heard something fall and thought a bolt was shot, though he could not be sure of this, then all was silent again. He lay awake, thinking about what he had heard, but couldn't make out anything except that the basement was used for the storage of goods. Were they stolen articles? Were they barrels of liquor manufactured illegally? The reason for the house remaining in its present condition was apparent. This man Crawford was keeping it for a purpose. It had doubtless long been shut up and was not an object of curiosity. Turning these things over in his mind, John fell asleep again.
When he awoke in the morning the sun was shining in through a broken blind. John arose from his couch and looked about him. He was in a library. Books were on the shelves, but they were dusty and dingy. He went through a door into a pantry and through the pantry into the dining room. He opened some cupboard doors in a vain hope of finding something to eat. There was not a crumb, and not a crust to be found there. He went to the cellar, but the door separating the cellar and main floor was fastened. He tried to kick it open, but failed to make any impression on it.
Leaving the house by the window through which he had entered, he looked about the brickwork below the first floor. There were but two small windows, over both of which boards had been placed on the inside. There was not a crack through which he could look within.
How were the goods taken in? There were no marks of wheels on the entrance road. Indeed, the grass grew on it as well as on the lawn. The chain and lock on the gate gave no evidence of having been moved in a long while. Toward the ocean a distance of several hundred yards there were no tracks of any kind. There was no opening from the cellar except within the house. This matter of the storage of goods was a mystery.
John walked out to the rocks which formed the shore. Here he was more at home, for he had been brought up near the water. Naturally his eyes fell upon the irregularity that marked the shore. There were many protuberances, many indentations. He descended to the sea level, and the tide being at the ebb, noticed a place where the water washed in under the rocks. John wondered how far it extended. He couldn't tell without going in under the rock, and this was impossible without a boat or a raft unless he swam, and the water was too cold for swimming.
The boy pondered on what he should do. Should he go on home or remain and try to solve the mystery? Curiosity held him. He would go back to the house and see if he could not look into the cellar through the crack at which he had listened. He did so, but the cellar was too dark for him to see anything. His mind reverted to the overhanging rock, and he went back to have another look at it. The rising tide had partly covered the place, and he knew that it would be nearly twelve hours before the water would give him an opportunity to examine it again.
He resolved to improve the interval by securing a boat or building a raft to use in his investigations. Going to a wood near by, he saw plenty of fallen timber, and after walking several miles to a house where he was given some breakfast he returned and carried sufficient wood to the shore to make a float. He laced the places together with twigs and when the tide subsided in the afternoon put his raft into the water and paddled to the rock in question. Lying flat, he pulled himself in under the land some twenty feet, when he came to an iron door. It was fastened with an iron latch, which, being covered by water at every tide, was so rusty that he could not move it. He scuttled out, got a stone, returned and by hammering opened the door. There before him lay a subterranean passage leading in the direction of the house.
Not having a light, the young discoverer did not attempt to investigate any further. Besides, he had no mind to be caught in a trap by an incoming tide. He got out as quickly as possible

and, sitting on a rock, bethought himself what next to do. He concluded to go on home and consult with some one about his find. He was not sure but that there was something in it for him, and he wished to find a way to get it out.
John was a secretive boy, and, though he told about his experiences in the city, he said nothing about the house by the sea. In a few days, armed with some carpenter's tools and a candle, he went back to it and, closing the shutter behind him through which he entered, took up a part of the floor, went down into the cellar and found it full of boxes and bales.
By this time it occurred to the boy that the house was a storage depot for smugglers. He found a door in the cellar leading into the passage to the water and presumed that the goods were carried in by that route. Replacing everything as he had left it, he made his way to the nearest port of entry and calling for the collector, told him that he had discovered a depot for smuggled goods. He was too smart to give any clue to it till he had made terms with the government. This necessitated some correspondence between the officials and the government, and it was finally agreed that of any smuggled goods that John should point out to the revenue officers half the amount accruing by confiscation should go to him.
These preliminaries having been settled, John led the officers to the house and showed them the goods. But, being desirous of capturing the smugglers, they placed a watch in the house and waited for them to come again. It was several weeks before the unsuspecting men fell into the trap. When they did they found both the access by the passage to the sea and the one up into the house stopped. They were all taken just after they had deposited a new, valuable boatload of goods.
John received a small fortune for his information. He decided to go to college and is now a lawyer with a good practice. Inquiries as to the lonely house resulted in his learning that the parties owning it had gone abroad many years before and left it to be sold as it stood. It changed hands several times without being occupied and was finally bought by the Crawford mentioned by the smugglers as an available depot for smuggled goods. He had grown rich by this means.

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CASTORIA
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Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*
A diastroph fire occurred in the village of Mt. Brydges Wednesday of last week, when the fine brick block occupied by a joint stock company and owned by the Union Bank and Walter Snodgrass, general merchant, was completely destroyed. The fire was discovered about 8 o'clock and had gained such headway that very little of the contents were saved.
The Glencoe Fruit Growers' Association received on an average of \$1.53 per barrel for apples and about 1000 barrels were sold, 500 of which were No. 3s. The members were all well pleased with the results.
Alvinston Presbyterians will hold services in Code's Hall until a new church is built.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
Trade in Watford and you go home satisfied.

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